

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

NO. 7.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

**NORTH.**  
5:56 A. M. Daily.  
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.  
9:12 A. M. Daily.  
12:45 P. M. Daily.  
4:51 P. M. Daily.  
5:54 P. M. Daily.  
**SOUTH.**  
6:45 A. M. Daily.  
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.  
12:10 P. M. Daily.  
4:06 P. M. Daily.  
7:05 P. M. Daily.  
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

**Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.**  
Cars leave Holy Cross.  
6:40, 7:18, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.  
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.  
3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21  
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.  
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,  
10:21, 10:53, 11:23.  
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.  
First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.  
Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.  
**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
From the North..... 7:05 12:20  
" South..... 4:15  
**MAIL CLOSURES.**  
North..... 8:50 12:30  
South..... 6:30 4:30  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

## MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

**JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT**  
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City  
**TREASURER**  
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City  
**TAX COLLECTOR**  
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City  
**DISTRICT ATTORNEY**  
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City  
**ASSESSOR**  
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City  
**COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER**  
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City  
**SHERIFF**  
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City  
**AUDITOR**  
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City  
**SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS**  
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City  
**CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR**  
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City  
**SURVEYOR**  
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

## McKINLEY'S MURDERER

### CHEERED BY ANARCHISTS

**The Leader of the Chicago "Reds" Praises Czolgosz for His Act.**

Chicago.—President McKinley's assassin was cheered publicly in Chicago. A challenge from the platform that anarchists dared not condone the crime at Buffalo was met with a vigorous, "You're a liar!" Abraham Isaak, the recognized leader of the "Reds" in this city, and editor of Free Society, declared openly that he could not condemn the assassin's act. He said that as to personal merit he took a second place to Czolgosz.

The confession of Isaak was accompanied by a scene of intense excitement. It was the climax of the debate on "Socialism or Anarchy," and came when the audience of over 1,000 had been aroused thoroughly by wild oratorical denunciations.

"Hurrah for Czolgosz!" shouted a man in the gallery, swinging his hat above his head. Hisses, jeers, yells of approval and cat calls came from all parts of the house. The crowd rose to its feet and a riot was only averted by the prompt action of the chairman.

Professor Woodworth of the University of California says of the silk worm question: "What we need and what I am trying to propagate is a silkworm that will live out of doors; not be the pampered purring of luxury, so tender and so subject to disease as the present race, and, further, a kind that can make silk from almost anything. To make silk culture profitable we must have a worm that can be fed in the fields and not be quite so fastidious about his diet."

## ITEMS FROM EAST, NORTH AND SOUTH

### Important Happenings of the Week Told in Brief Telegrams.

M. Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," is seriously ill in New York. A bill has been introduced in Congress giving Mrs. McKinley an annual pension of \$5,000.

Congressman Metcalf of California has been appointed on the Ways and Means Committee.

Several army officers who served in the Philippines have been convicted on court-martial of bribery.

President Roosevelt's message to Congress has called forth extremely eulogistic comment from the London Spectator.

A ship subsidy bill has been introduced in the Senate, subsidies being granted according to the size and speed of vessels.

A great advance in the prices of wheat and corn has taken place on the Chicago Board of Trade, wheat gaining six cents in a week.

Intense cold has been prevailing in the East. On December 6th the thermometer registered 33 degrees below zero at Hobart, N. Y.

In the opinion of the Treasury Department the navigation laws governing coastwise trade are not applicable to the Philippines.

Melrose Park, a suburb of Chicago, has a "pig club," whose twenty members are pledged to eat no meat but pork for the next six months.

Quartermaster S. McKie of the gunboat Annapolis, while swimming in the harbor of Iloilo, was seized by a shark. He escaped with his life, but lost a leg.

Senator McComas of Maryland has introduced a bill providing the death penalty for assaulting the President or for inciting, advising or producing such assaults.

Lester Reiff, the famous American jockey who was recently ruled off the English turf, has returned to this country and is coming to California to be married.

E. H. Harriman has been confined to his house by illness and this is said to be the cause of the delay in completing the proposed combination of Western railroads.

Thomas W. Lawson is reputed to have lost \$11,000,000 by the recent slump in copper, but he professes to be able to stand a still further decline and is still in the fight.

The national convention of the American Federation of Labor, now in session in Scranton, Pa., is the largest in the history of the organization, 312 delegates being present.

A treaty with Nicaragua has been signed whereby a strip of territory six miles wide, including the route of the Nicaragua canal, is perpetually leased to the United States.

Andrew Carnegie intends to give \$10,000,000 for the purpose of establishing in Washington a higher university, to be the greatest institution of its kind in the world. The government is to be made the trustee of the fund.

At the convention of the American Federation of Labor, in Scranton, Pa., Edward F. McSweeney, Deputy Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, made a strong argument for the exclusion of the Japanese, whom he declared to be more undesirable than the Chinese.

## FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

Peru has adopted a gold standard law. Aguinaldo has retained attorneys to bring suits to recover valuable property in the Philippines.

England is preparing to heavily increase the auxiliary military forces in the Dominion of Canada.

The British concentration camps in South Africa have been placed under the control of the civil authorities.

It is reported from Bulgaria that Miss Stone, the captive missionary, is about to be surrendered by the brigands.

Russia has an army of 200,000 men in Manchuria and other Chinese provinces. Its movements are watched with anxiety by foreign diplomats.

Bread riots are in progress in Austria-Hungary. There are thousands of starving unemployed in Prague and strong forces of police are required to preserve order.

Major-General Adna R. Chaffee, military governor of the Philippines, has recommended, in his first annual report, that no troops should be withdrawn from the islands before January, 1903.

## COAST NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

### Items of Interest From Every Section of the Pacific Slope.

The Southern Pacific Coast line has been reopened.

The California and Nevada Railroad is to be sold under the hammer.

Palo Alto has requested Andrew Carnegie to make a donation to the town for the purpose of erecting a public library.

The prune market is experiencing a boom and it is said that within sixty days California will be bare of the fruit.

Bishop George Montgomery of Los Angeles has been chosen by the Pope for the important position of Archbishop of Manila.

Calve, the famous singer, has taken little Edna Darch of Los Angeles to New York and will give her a musical education.

The tract team of the University of California will go East in May to compete with the athletes of the leading Eastern colleges.

The estate of the late George M. Pullman proves to be insolvent, all that he had being heavily mortgaged. His mother expects to pay his debts.

San Bernardino has been plunged into darkness, the electric light having been cut off because of the city's refusal to settle an old bill for lighting in 1895.

A big Chicago corporation has secured an option on the richest copper properties of the Copper River district and proposes to build a railroad from Valdes.

I order to expedite the shipment of troops and supplies to the Philippines the transport Kilpatrick has been transferred to the San Francisco-Manila route.

An immense furniture manufactory is being erected at West Berkeley, which is expected to be one of the most important industrial establishments on the Coast.

A Artesian well, with a flow of 1,000 gallons an hour, has been struck in the heart of the "Journey of Death Desert," in New Mexico, one of the most arid regions on the face of the earth.

A big winery is to be built at Woodbridge, San Joaquin county, in time to handle the next crop of grapes. New York capitalists and local vineyardists are jointly interested in the project.

In an address before the local Women's Christian Temperance Union, Chief Elton of Los Angeles advocated the restoration of the whipping post for men who desert their wives and families, leaving them in want.

Henry Furguson, a notorious opium smuggler, has been sentenced at Everett, Wash., to fourteen years' imprisonment. He is believed to have smuggled \$70,000 worth of opium into this country during the past five years.

Dr. B. W. Everman, the scientific expert of the United States Fish Commission, is to come to Stanford from Washington next spring to assist President Jordan in the work of classifying the fishes collected under his direction in Hawaii last summer.

The body of Joseph W. Griffiths, a Grass Valley man who disappeared in April, was found last Saturday at the bottom of a mining shaft, with plain evidences of murder. The inquest has directed suspicion against an Indian and his squaw, and many believe that some white people are also implicated in the crime.

The machinists union of Chicago has caused the arrest of officers of the Alis-Chalmers Company, charging them with conspiracy. It is alleged that the accused men brought workingmen into the state to work for them and failed to tell them that a strike against the company was in progress, this being contrary to an Illinois statute.

"Roosevelt at San Juan Hill" is to be the subject of a painting by Vassili Verestchagin, the painter of battle scenes. The famous Russian artist announces his intention to devote two years or more to the work of portraying on canvas the battle, which, he thinks, because of Roosevelt's elevation to the Presidency, is the most interesting war scene of recent times to Americans.

President Roosevelt last Saturday signed the first bill sent to him by Congress, thus creating the first law to be enacted under his administration. It was the act to admit free of duty and permit the transfer of foreign exhibits from the Pan-American Exposition to the South Carolina Interstate and Industrial Exposition at Charleston, S. C.

President Eliot of Harvard will visit the Pacific Coast in February.

## BANK CASHIER A DEFAULTER

### Henry J. Fleishman of Los Angeles Absconds With Over a Hundred Thousand.

**HIS AMOURS CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL**

**For More Than Twenty Years He Had Been With the Institution Which He Robbed.**

**—Its Officers Declare That the Loss Will Not Cripple the Concern.**

Los Angeles.—The greatest sensation in local banking circles since the attempt to rob the First National Bank by means of an underground tunnel, about four years ago, was disclosed Monday in the announcement of the sudden departure of Henry J. Fleishman, cashier of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, for parts unknown, with from \$100,000 to \$150,000 of the bank's funds.

According to the best authority, H. W. Hellman, vice-president of the bank, all that is known is that Fleishman telephoned from the California Club Saturday morning before banking hours, that he would not be at the bank until late, as he was not feeling well. On Monday, when he still failed to put in an appearance, his cash and accounts were examined, and it was found that \$100,000 in currency was missing.

Fleishman was last seen in Los Angeles about 9 o'clock Saturday morning. At that hour he sent word from the California Club, where he had bachelor apartments, to the bank, saying he would not be down, owing to illness. Nothing was thought of the incident at the bank, and business went on as usual on Saturday. When he failed to appear at the usual time Monday, however, an investigation of the bank's cash account quickly followed, and a shortage was located.

The officials of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank were as much surprised at the action of their cashier as the general public. For twenty-three years Fleishman had been employed in the institution, beginning at the bottom as a boy, and by strict attention to duty, coupled with a thorough understanding of the intricacies of the banking business, rising to the position of assistant cashier, and finally to that of cashier, a position he had held for many years. The utmost confidence was always placed in his judgment and integrity.

H. W. Hellman, vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, said in speaking of Fleishman's absence: "We were greatly surprised at discovering Fleishman's flight south and the shortage in his cash account. We are utterly unable to account for his action. He is a man of property and has always commanded a good salary. If he was engaged in speculation of any kind we did not know it. Nor was he a drinking man, at least to any extent. No doubt he took a drink when he wanted it; but drink never could have caused him to do this. We can only account for his disappearance on the supposition that there was a woman in the case. We are not worrying over the money he has taken, however. The bank holds a bond and other collateral sufficient to indemnify it for the cash stolen. It will not lose a dollar. The loss of the cash will not embarrass us in the least."

Fleishman was the financial backer of several enterprises in Los Angeles which were commonly considered as financial failures. The Velodrome bicycle track was financed by Fleishman, and in this venture he is believed to have sunk \$30,000. The Maxwell patent directory was another scheme in which the defaulter was interested and in which he is said to have lost \$25,000. Besides, it is common talk among clubmen and others that Fleishman speculated heavily in Amalgamated Copper and lost. These things may, in some measure, account for the shortage in the bank's cash, which, it is not unlikely, has existed for some time. Fleishman was under \$30,000 bonds and it is said he had property valued at \$50,000.

It was only after his marriage to Miss Virginia Harrell, daughter of a wealthy capitalist of this city, eleven years ago, that any discord appeared in his relations with the world. Soon after the birth of a son, Mrs. Fleishman brought suit for divorce on the ground of cruelty. The case was a sensational one, and she was granted a decree. Both parents were to have the child at intervals. About four years ago, it is alleged, Mrs. Fleishman put a detective on her ex-hus-

band's trail, thinking to secure evidence that would warrant the court in giving her sole custody of the child. Fleishman, who was a member of the California Club, while fond of athletics and the society of sporting men, had but one known vice—amours with women. His name has been connected in a quiet way at different times with women of no particular note in Los Angeles circles, but he was at all times outwardly polished and respectable.

## Telegraphing to Ships at Sea.

St. John's (N. F.).—Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, arrived here on the Allen line steamer Sardinian. He is accompanied by two assistants, and brings two portable balloons, which will be employed in suspending the wires used in making his experiments. Mr. Marconi will probably select the signal hill overlooking St. John's, which is topped with the Cabot memorial tower and is 600 feet high, as a site for his station, instead of Cape Race, as previously reported. Mr. Marconi expects to transmit messages for 400 miles, reaching the ships in midocean. He will spend three or four weeks in experimenting here. He will then proceed to Nan-tucket, where he will continue his tests.

## BRYAN SAYS HE HAD THE PRESIDENTIAL FEVER

### Has Fully Recovered, Though He Had Two Attacks, Followed by Chills.

New York.—A special to the Sun from Milwaukee says: W. J. Bryan has confided to an insurance company of this city that upon two occasions he had the "Presidential fever" quite badly, but that he has fully recovered from the attacks. Some time ago an agent of the company at Lincoln asked Bryan to take out a policy in the company. After negotiations that have dragged for six months the former Presidential aspirant has consented to take out a \$10,000 policy. The application was filled out by him, and under the list of ailments he was asked to answer if he had ever suffered any from fever, and if so what kind. The application which has just been received here and accepted by the company bears this answer to the fever question: "Yes, had two severe attacks of Presidential fever, followed by severe chills, but I have fully recovered from both."

## DEMAND FROM JOBBERS CONTINUES STRONG

### Iron and Steel Stronger at Highest Prices of the Year.—Business Failures.

The trading in good staples and metals is the basis for the apparent resumption in the advance of the general level of prices noted for November. Iron and steel are stronger at the highest prices of the year. Inability to obtain supplies is complained of all the way from the furnace to the finishing products. The switchmen's strike affects Pittsburg, and further aggravates the car shortage trouble. Some mills are closing for want of steel and some furnaces for want of fuel. Merchant furnaces are reported running only half their capacity. Steel is practically unobtainable for prompt delivery. Wire and nails alone are weaker in price on competition. Plates are stronger, and structural mills are crowded with orders. Bar steel is scarce at Chicago. Rail buyers are more numerous, but sellers are indifferent. Foundries have booked orders for months ahead. Orders for railroad cars are very heavy.

The original impetus for wheat has this week been aided by the widening out of speculation, owing to buying being a feature, aided by the smaller run of receipts at the Northwest. The highest price paid for seventeen months has been reached in the face of the largest gain in stocks, both here and abroad, reported in any month for years. Wheat in the United States and Canada increased 21,000,000 bushels in November, an increase nearly five times the gain shown a year ago. Corn and oats are higher than at any time since 1891. Hog products and provisions generally are in better speculative demand, and statistically the position has many points of strength. Wheat, including flour, exports for the week aggregate 4,604,846 bushels, against 5,117,478 bushels last week and 3,432,159 bushels in this week last year. Wheat exports, July 1st to date (twenty-three weeks) aggregate 132,423,908 bushels, against 80,175,178 bushels last season.

After a slight breathing spell in October, prices, influenced chiefly by the

cereals, provisions and metals, apparently resumed their upward course in November, and the index number on December 1st, as reported by Bradstreet's, is 85,775, a gain of seven-tenths of 1 per cent over the index number of November 1st and of 3 per cent over the low-water mark of June 1st, but a decline of 8 per cent from the high-water mark of February, 1900. In all six out of thirteen classes of products advanced during November, they being breadstuffs, provisions, live stock, the metals, coal and coke and miscellaneous products; forty-five products advancing, twenty-three declining and thirty-five remaining unchanged as a result of operations during that month. Compared with a year ago, fifty-one products are higher, forty-two lower and thirteen remain unchanged.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 238, against 189 last week, 289 in this week a year ago, 220 in 1899, 237 in 1898 and 292 in 1897. Canadian failures number 23, against 26 last week and 27 a year ago.

## Challenged to Resign From Senate.

Washington.—The Senate chamber was the scene of a highly dramatic episode on Monday, when Senator Tillman of South Carolina challenged his colleague, Senator McLaughlin, to resign with him on the spot, in order, to use his own language, that they might be able to "wash their dirty linen at home." McLaughlin did not take up the gage.

The incident was the direct result of the very bitter controversy which arose between the Senators in South Carolina last spring.

Bees do not swallow honey, as some suppose, but place it as gathered with their bill in their honeysack, which is in front and entirely outside.

## The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Pacific

## This is the Only Store SELLS

in San Mateo County that  
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;  
Boots and Shoes;  
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;  
Crochery and Agate Ware;  
Hats and Caps.

## AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

## M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. || ||  
Wood and Coal. || || ||

## Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,  
South San Francisco, Cal.



We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.



# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Distance doesn't lend enchantment to one's view of the almighty dollar.

The stork should have been given a hint that Papa Zimmerman's purse strings could be loosened only by a boy.

Eighty-two per cent of the housekeepers of the country get along without hired girls. The eighteen per cent—

Love, like lightning, seldom strikes twice in the same place. That's why widows usually marry for money the second time.

Countries having the American engine only need a supply of American coal to make them happy, and the coal is rapidly reaching them.

Girls, if you haven't found the right one yet, don't be disheartened. A Chicago woman was recently married the third time to the same man.

It was the irony of fate. A couple of burglars broke into a building at Rochester, N. Y., which they supposed was a warehouse. It proved to be a jail.

Bad grammar may be cured by medical treatment, according to a German specialist. This discovery will be a boon to some of our statesmen and would-be statesmen.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that bicyclists have a right to ride on the sidewalks. There seems to be nothing left to pedestrians but the right to trust in Providence.

Sarah Grand, author of "Heavenly Twins," says American gentlemen are the most chivalrous in the world. Ah, there, Sarah, just tell your manager to forward a list of your lecture dates.

Hardly has the twentieth century got well started before a speaker at a women's club says the nineteenth century, of which those who lived in it were so proud, was crude and uncivilized.

What a woman can't understand is how a man will stay up every night for six weeks running all over town trying to make votes for a candidate he doesn't know, but getting hopping mad if he has to run across the street to get some paregoric for his own baby.

"Don't watch the clock," was Mr. Edison's advice to a young man who recently asked him how to succeed. Profoundly significant is that old joke about the laborer who left his pickaxe hanging in the air at the stroke of noon. A hanging pickaxe is the fittest emblem for a confirmed clock-watcher—and the pickaxe hangs always in the air, never digs out a path for him to advance upon.

Juliet's "What's in a name?" might be asked regarding the vessels of the British navy which have borne the names of reptiles. It is said that four Vipers have been wrecked, the last of the name but recently, and a Cobra still more lately has broken in two and gone to the bottom with officers and men. Also four Serpents, three Lizards, two Snakes, one Alligator, one Crocodile, one Rattlesnake, one Basilisk, and two Dragons—which are not reptiles, have at various times met with disaster. British tars, it is said, have a superstitious feeling of dislike against sailing in vessels bearing such names. Lucky or unlucky, the names are needlessly disagreeable.

The decision of the Michigan Supreme Court that bicyclists have a right to ride their wheels on the sidewalks under proper restrictions is likely to cause a great deal of trouble in Michigan cities and in those of any other State which adopts the principle of the decision. If bicycle riding were permitted on the crowded streets in the business sections of a city it would amount to an intolerable evil. Their total exclusion from sidewalks of this character is based upon the principle that the sidewalks, as their name implies, were set apart for pedestrians, and that vehicles of any kind which would interfere with the free and safe use of such sidewalks have no right to be or to be operated there, except as such right or privilege may be granted by the City Council. City Councils have, we believe, been usually disposed to extend this privilege to sidewalks through sparsely settled districts where there were no bicycle paths and either no pavement or a very bad one. All the just claims of the bicyclist to the use of the sidewalk when the conditions exclude him from the street can be far better met, with a due regard for the convenience and safety of the pedestrian public, by starting with the principle that he has no original right there and must get his privilege from the Council, than by assuming that he has an original right to go there and that the Council can only restrict the manner of its exercise. We do not believe the Michigan decision will be followed by the courts of other States, or that wheelmen generally will regard it with favor. As a rule they have no use for sidewalks where they are liable to come into collision with pedestrians unless driven to them by the bad condition of the street.

Life imprisonment is at its best a punishment so horrible that only a sense of its absolute necessity can reconcile one to the infliction of it upon a

a fellow human being. To spend year after year in close confinement, living only in order to wait for death, is a thought from which the mind recoils, and the strength of the instinct of self-preservation is nowhere more clearly displayed than in the fact that men are willing to face this prospect rather than shorten their tortures by submitting to the noose or the electric chair. If, then, life imprisonment is in any case terrible to contemplate, how much is its terror heightened when the person who is condemned to undergo it is so young as to make it seem probable that four-fifths of his life will be spent within the prison walls! Smith Jones, of Warwick County, Indiana, entered upon such a term of detention a few weeks ago. He is at present 13 years old, and has been guilty of so cold-blooded a murder that the Judge who tried his case, concluding that he would derive no benefit from the reform school, sent him directly to State prison, there to remain for the rest of his natural life. If the boy is an ordinary boy, betrayed into an act of murder by sudden impulse, the sentence passed upon him is certainly unjustifiable. A certain number of years in the reform school would probably send him back to the world a steady and responsible citizen. But it seems likely that the boy had shown tendencies that made his reformation impossible. He was probably what the sociologists call a "degenerate" and what medical men call a "pervert," with a physical and moral nature so hopelessly diseased that the only possible course of action was to separate him from his fellows and to put him in a place where his depraved instincts, altogether ungovernable under other conditions, might be confined and repressed. It is a life lost, but the loss seems inevitable. The most careful investigation should be made, however, and the boy's case should not be abandoned until it is altogether hopeless.

The other day a young man, son of a New Yorker, who left a million-dollar estate, was in court, insisting that he could not pay a judgment of \$556, or, in fact, any of his debts. He declared that he had been reared in idleness, in an atmosphere of wealth. When his father died he left the son \$6,000 a year, and no more. He also left him as helpless as a baby, with a mind unstocked with a single thought that would sell for money in the business world. "Muscle!" This young fellow had it, but he couldn't compete with the poorest man in a sewer trench. The \$6,000 was nothing for a man who belonged to several clubs and associated with people who could buy him and sell him and never feel it. Viewed from a moral standpoint, he is a good deal of a coward. The man who buys things knowing that he can not pay for them is a swindler. You can not call him anything else. If he has anything more than water in his veins he will work. He will dump the clubs and high-living associates and get down to business. He will learn, and find no disgrace in toil. But what of a man who allows his son to grow up in idleness? It is an imposition. It is not fair. It is inviting disaster. How easily fortunes take flight in this country! There is history for it. The millionaire of today may be the poor man to-morrow. The moving van backs up in front of his stone palace and he goes to live in a tenement. There is nothing certain about riches—not even their paramount desirability. It is often easier to make money than to keep it. The youth who grows to manhood without any greater idea of the practical side of life than how to order a wine supper or guide an automobile may have to wear his tennis suit in lieu of underwear in chill December, and the world doesn't offer him much sympathy when trouble comes. Every man should teach his boys to do something. His bank account isn't a part of the issue. The real independence is called trained ability, and it is capital that is always available. Every man should have some of it, for when he does need it he needs it badly.

**Ambushed, Poor Fellow!**  
"When does the next train that stops at Montrose leave here?" asked the resolute widow at the booking office window.

"You'll have to wait five hours, ma'am."

"I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps you know better than I do."

"Yes, sir! And perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel by that train myself, or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house! And maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better! And perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions, young man; but my opinion is you won't!"

"Yes, ma'am!" gasped the booking clerk.—London Answers.

**Occupations in Norway.**  
Sixty per cent of the population of Norway live by agriculture, 15 per cent by manufacturing and lumbering, 10 per cent by commerce and trade, 5 per cent by mining, and the remainder are in the professions and the army and navy and engaged in different employments.

**Mistake Somewhere.**

Mr. Seitz—I never can understand my wife's letters. She doesn't punctuate them, and you can't tell where a sentence ends or another begins.

Mr. Askit—But I thought you married a girl of the period.—Baltimore American.

Some poems show considerable feeling, yet they fail to touch.

## LET THIS BE A WARNING.



### MONKEYS DEGENERATE MEN.

Professor Haeckel Gives Out a New Evolution Theory.

That Professor Ernst Haeckel, the distinguished German naturalist, and the world's greatest living advocate of the biological

theory of evolution, has reversed his views of half a century and taken a stand with Prof. Rudolf Virchow in opposition to Darwinism is the startling announcement made in Paris.

It is stated that during his expedition to Java, begun last year, Prof. Haeckel has found striking evidence in support of the theory, advanced for the first time only a few months ago by Virchow, that monkeys are descended from man, and not man from monkeys. That, in fact, monkeys are nothing less than degenerated humans.

Ernst Haeckel, now professor of zoology at Jena University, was the first distinguished scientist to fully accept Darwin's theory when the "Origin of Species" was published. The scientific world was trembling on the brink of the revolution he caused later by the publication of "The Descent of Man," when Haeckel anticipated Darwin in his most far-reaching conclusions, and in a measure prepared the world for the startling doctrines hinted at in the "Origin of Species" and fully promulgated in "The Descent of Man."

Since then Haeckel has been the most advanced among the evolutionists. He has long asserted that the history of man is complete in all its essential details, and that all that now remains to be done is to fill in here and there such concrete evidence as zoological and paleontological research shall reveal.

In his "Systematic Phylogeny," a monumental work in three volumes, he made a theoretic systematic arrangement of the vegetable and animal worlds living and extinct on the basis of the law of evolution. The work has been called a vast pedigree tree, with man at the top and the lowest non-nucleated cell at the bottom. In this pedigree there were no empty or unaccounted spaces. Haeckel constructed hypothetical animals and organisms, and to him, in theory, there was no missing link.

Twenty-five years before the discovery of Dubois' pithecanthropus Haeckel had foreseen in his phylogeny such a creature, and he had christened it "pithecanthropus allalus," or the apelike man before language. He gave to it a place midway in the order of life between the highest ape and the lowest human.

In 1869 Dr. Eugene Dubois, a Dutch army physician, traveling in Java, unearthed the fossil remains of a hitherto undiscovered creature. There were only a thigh bone, two molar teeth, and a cranium. Scientists hailed the creature reconstructed theoretically from these few fossilized bones as the veritable missing link. The size of the cranium showed that the creature had cranial capacity for exactly 1,000 c. M. 3, as against the cranial capacity of the highest known gorilla of 65 c. M. 3, and the cranial capacity of the lowest form of human, the Vedda woman of Ceylon or the bushman of Australia, with 1300 c. M. 3. The thigh bone and teeth were those of a fully developed human of medium height.

Dubois called his discovery the pithecanthropus erectus, or the apelike man. Scientists differed as to the origin of the pithecanthropus, and the late Prof. Cope, of the University of Pennsylvania, was of the opinion that it was a species of the homo neanderthalensis, and about 17,000 years old.

To Haeckel the discovery was of immense importance. In September, last year, he organized a small expedition and set out for Java in the hope of making fresh discoveries corroborative of his systematic phylogeny. He, with all other scientists who had investigated Dubois' discovery, regarded the pithecanthropus as having indisputable visual evidence of one of the most important steps in the evolution of man.

"If Prof. Haeckel has made any such discovery," said Dr. Edgar Grant Conklin, professor of zoology at the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania, "or if he has recanted his former multitudinous writings and lecturing sufficiently to make any such statement it means that one of the most remarkable revolutions in biological science has taken place. If he has made discoveries there," continued Prof. Conklin, having explained Haeckel's position with regard to evolution, "which would cause him to reverse all his established views, to recant the preachings of a busy and a long lifetime, they must be of an importance I cannot pretend to calculate."

### PROFESSOR WALLACE PAYNE.

He Has Completed Thirty Years' Service at Carleton College.

Prof. William Wallace Payne, who has completed thirty years of active and valuable service at Carleton College, Northfield, Mass., is one of the best-known astronomers in America, and has done much to popularize his science and to build up the astronomical work in the institution with which he has been so long and so worthily connected.

He was born in Hillsdale County, Michigan, in 1837, and was graduated from Hillsdale College in 1863. In 1871 he came to Carleton as professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. After several years of faithful work he succeeded in his long cherished desire of building an efficient observatory here. In 1882 he perfected the weather service, for which Northfield is famous. Prof. Payne is in excellent health, and looks forward to many years of useful activity.

**Death Missed His Mark.**

A group of railroaders sat and talked on narrow escapes. One of them said: "On a certain afternoon I was walking over a one-track trestle fifty feet high. A train came on me and I had to step off the track and stand on the little space—a space less than a foot wide—between the track and the trestle's edge. I stood there, facing the train, and as it went by, to keep myself from losing my balance, for only my toes were on the ties, my heels unsupported in the air—I had to take hold and let go again of the various parts of the engine and of the coaches. Of course the train wasn't going fast. Otherwise I should have been shaken off and killed."

"In the way of scares I have had my share, too, but one of my greatest shocks had come in it. We had on our division a shifting engine that ran as softly and silently as an engine in a dream—a wonderful machine she was—for fair. Well, one day I was walking the tracks and thinking, when a pleasant voice right behind me murmured: 'Say, hadn't you better get off and let us go by?' I turned in astonishment, for I had thought I was alone, and the shifting engine was halted with her covecatcher hardly a yard from my back. They had shut off everything, glided down on me and tried to see how near to me they could stop."—Philadelphia Record.

### Building in Stockholm, Sweden.

Only two-thirds of the area of the lot can be covered in Stockholm, Sweden, except on street corners, where three-fourths is allowed. The remainder of the lot must be reserved for courts, for light and ventilation. All chimney flues must be twelve or fifteen inches, and must be swept once a month from October to April by official chimney sweepers.

### An Acknowledgment.

"A man sometimes attaches a great deal of importance to himself," remarked Mr. Meekton's wife.

"Yes," answered Leonidas, with a Chesterfieldian air, "especially when he gets married."—Washington Star.

### Wages of Railway Employees.

The New Zealand Government is raising the wages of its railway employees to the extent of \$100,000.

It's a pretty safe bet that the man who boasts of being a gentleman isn't anything of the kind.

A girl that can't sing and will sing should be muzzled.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

### THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

THE artistic faculty is one of the inherited traits of woman. It is betrayed in her earliest efforts at adornment of her person and surroundings. It is the temperament of woman, as well as her natural birthright, to guard the beautiful in life, and to make her whole existence a visible manifestation of it. Civilization has given to her opportunities in this direction denied her in the past. She has been emancipated from the slavery of conditions which narrowed and destroyed these possibilities of personal expression born within her. Yet even in barbaric times she was not blind to the influence of personal adornment. The evolution of her dress may have been from the rude blanket and wild boar's skin to the modern silks and furs of unrivaled beauty and picturesqueness; but there were always, even in the beginning, a method of wearing the garments that betrayed the dormant gifts. She could be artistic even with the simplest and rudest of garments.

The art of dress becomes a factor of importance, not only in the life of the woman who devotes her time to it, but in all those who associate with her. The expression of her artistic temperament may be manifested in no other way than that of dress, and yet she may produce an effect of immeasurable importance on the world. It is hardly consistent to belittle the effect of woman's dress even when carried to an extreme, and thoughts of it absorb all other considerations of life. The painter is justified, according to human standards, in devoting all of his time and strength to the production of beauty on his canvas; and the poet is considered legitimately employed if he merely strives to express in the highest artistic form those thoughts and emotions of love which come to him in the highest degree. The decorator, the musician and the singer are all appealing to the sense of sight or hearing through beautiful forms of sound.

The woman who understands the art of personal adornment finds gratification in artistic expression in her dress. She studies it from many points of view; considers the harmony of colors and style; views herself apart from her personality and environments; and finds in the whole work a service of love which is little lower than that which the poet or painter feels for his productions. Dress performs the double task for woman of adorning her and of conserving her health; it should be antagonistic to neither. It should be the outer expression of her mind and temperament, and at the same time consistent with the laws of health and strength.—Lodge Monthly.

### The Smile Cure for the Blues.

The smile cure for blues is the latest remedy and it is the suggestion of a physician who has made a specialty of nervous diseases. His experiments are said to have resulted satisfactorily in numerous cases. "If you keep the corners of the mouth turned up you can't feel blue," is his dictum, and his directions are "Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling." When his patient is suffering from melancholia without any bodily ill he gives no medicine, but just recommends the smile cure. He first experimented on his wife, who was of a nervous and rather morbid temperament, and he used to jokingly say, "Smile a little," until the saying came to be a household joke. The result was so good, however, that the doctor determined to try its effects on his other patients. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," is a familiar adage, designed to keep folks in good humor and spirits, and if just smiling will cure melancholia then it were worth while for morbid mortals to make an effort to keep on smiling, even though it does sound somewhat ridiculous.

### Girls and Their Interests.

A trick of preserving flowers in sand is worth trying at the seashore and bringing a supply of sand home for winter use. Fine, clean sand must be used, washed if not perfectly clean, and when dry sifted through a fine sieve into a rather deep pan or other vessel. When the sand is deep enough to hold the flowers upright, more of the sifted sand is filled in around them with a spoon. Care should be taken not to break or bend the leaves and to see that no little holes or interstices are left unfiled about the flowers. When they are covered thus carefully, so as to be entirely invisible, the pan is set away to dry for several days; they must be taken out with great care as the leaves are dry and brittle. Ferns and flat flowers like pansies are successfully treated in this way. Flowers in cup shapes are laid lengthwise in the sand, the spaces in and around them carefully filled in to make the pressure even and exclude all air.

### New York's Woman Lawyer.

Miss Mary Coleman, the only woman lawyer who has practiced at the New York criminal bar declares that the only kind of criminal cases she cares to appear in are murder trials. All others, she says, are uninteresting.

Miss Coleman achieved distinction recently by her defense of "Lamplighter" John Davis. Her expertness in cross-examination had a great deal to do with bringing about the MISS COLEMAN, defendant's acquittal in this case.

### Sweet-Smelling Rooms.

A delicate and pleasant odor may be diffused in one's room by orris root in powder form put in little vases and sprayed with water to keep it moist. This will give the odor of fresh violets if the powder is of good quality, not too old when bought, and changed frequently. The orris root, too, gives about the most delicate and agreeable perfume to one's bureau drawers. The tiny Japanese bonbonnières, or vases, are good receptacles for the orris powder.

### For Thin Necks.

In a little porcelain kettle melt one-half ounce of cocoa butter and two ounces of lanolin. At night rub on to the throat, sending the finger tips round in small circles, pressing inward to revive circulation in the under layer of muscles. Follow with upward strokes with the fingers flat, holding up the chin well and sweeping up the jawbones.

After ten minutes of this, go in for exercise treatment. Take the soldier's position of chin up, chest out, heels together, hips back. Place the hands on the hips. Hold the shoulders firm and straight and allow the head to drop first to one side and then to the other. Do this for five minutes, inhaling and exhaling deeply and slowly. Drop the head forward, then back as

far as it will go. Do this for five minutes. Wipe away as much of the developing cream as you can with a dry flannel cloth and go to bed.

In the morning bathe with cold water dashing the water on the throat and chest with a big sponge. Rub briskly with a coarse towel. Breathe deeply. You'll feel like hurling the furniture around and you will be buoyant and clear-headed.

The purpose of exercise is to develop and fill out the flaccid muscles. The muscles form the foundation for the nice little fatty cushions that make a throat and chest plump and beautiful.

—Mme. Qui Vive.

### Woman Assistant Pastor.

Miss Ida Belle Sanders, the only assistant woman pastor in St. Louis, is a charming little lady of the Southern

brunette type, who has already won her way into the hearts of the flock of the Wagoner Methodist Episcopal Church. She is a graduate of the training school for deaconesses at Washington and admirably fitted

for the duties she will fill in her new post of assistant pastor. These will be largely concerned with the children's work of the church, with the young people, with visitations to the homes of the members and with the Sunday school and young people's societies.

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## AGRICULTURAL

### Storing Farm Tools.

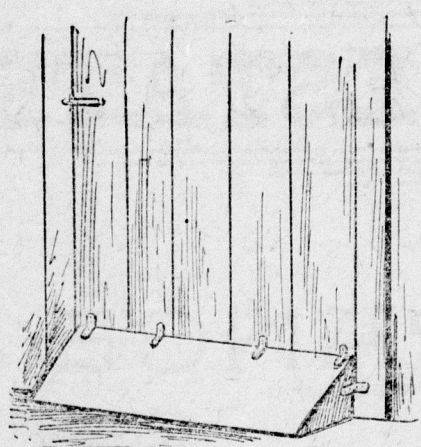
It would seem as if it were unnecessary to urge farmers to take care of their tools, yet during a recent trip of less than 150 miles a writer in the Indianapolis News says he counted no less than twenty tools of various kinds exposed to the rain and sun. These were seen from the windows of a swiftly moving train, so that it is safe to say that, including the farms a mile distant from the railroad, there were more than two hundred tools out of doors that ought to have been under cover. After such a sight it was a relief to reach a farm where the tools were well cared for. On the farm in question was a long, narrow building devoted entirely to a storage place for tools and a repair shop. After each tool was used it was put under the shed, and during the winter all of the wood-work was thoroughly painted and all of the metal that had rusted was sand-papered. There was a small anvil in the part of the structure devoted to repairs, a bench with both iron and wood vises, drawers divided into compartments for bolts, screws, nails and nuts of various sizes and a very fair set of carpenter's tools. The owner claimed that this repair shop had saved its cost every year in blacksmith's bills, and that by caring for his tools he was not only able to do better work with them, but they were in shape for good use for many years longer than they had been neglected.

### False Economies in Farming.

For some reason nearly every farmer considers that he must economize in the matter of seeds. If he does not make the mistake of buying cheap seeds, that is, seeds low in price but poor in quality, he tries to save on the quantity with the result that he loses in the crop. In the sowing of grass seeds, for example, in which clover has a part, how many farmers have blamed the clover seed or claimed that the soil was "clover sick," when the only trouble was he did not use enough seed. As a rule, the catalogues of seedsmen are safe guides to the quantity of seed necessary with grass seed. Then there is the fertilizer economy, and here economy is practiced both in quantity and in kind. That is, the farmer will find that a certain fertilizer, applied in moderate quantities, has improved the wheat yield and ever after he uses the same amount and the same kind in growing wheat, forgetful of the fact that he is taking from the soil in the crop other plant foods which he is not returning. Result, a worn-out soil. Look into the question of these and other economies and see if they really are economies.

### Varn Door Protector.

A simple device will keep out the cold and prevent ice and snow from freezing around the bottom of the barn door. A board long enough to reach across the door has end pieces fitted in to form a



DEVICE FOR THE BARN DOOR.

tiny water-shed, strips of hoop iron being used to secure the board to the door. The strip of board used should be of some light but tough material, which will not add much to the weight of the door. While this appliance is being put on another protection might be added, in the shape of a weather strip placed on the door in such a manner that it will cover the crack between the door and the casing when the door is closed.

### Cleaning Buggy and Harness.

The method used by one farmer and one which makes it possible to perform the work without soiling one's garments to any disagreeable extent is: He first removes all cushions, curtains, etc., dusts well and cleanses leather or rubber parts. The next is to place the buggy on two trestles and remove the wheels to a watering trough, which is beneath a large willow tree. Spray the buggy. Then turn the wheels around in the trough. At the same time remove all earthy matter that is soaked enough not to scratch the varnish. The wheels, or any part, must not be kept wet long or the paint will acquire a whitish color, in which case a little linseed oil on a soft rag can be used with good effect, after the paint has been thoroughly dried.

When the wheels are clear of mud rinse with clear water and set in the

shade to drip off while the remainder of the rig is attended to. Wash in the same way. Wipe with a cloth wrung out of clean water and polish with a soft lintless rag. Well-worn gingham are good for this purpose. Wipe all drops off the wheels with a clean, well-wrung cloth and follow with a dry one. Clean all gummy substance from the spindles and inside the hubs. Oil spindles and put wheels securely on.

### Fall Pruning.

As to whether fall or spring is the best time for pruning there is a disagreement among fruit growers. One thing we have found out, however, when it is necessary to remove a limb of considerable size, an inch or over in diameter, the best time is September and October. Wounds made at that season, though they may not heal over as quickly as at some other times, will never decay. Owing no doubt to the ripe condition of the wood, the cut surface dries and becomes as hard as bone. We have tested this for many years and know it to be so.

In all pruning particular care should be used to make smooth cuts. No stubs should be left sticking out. It is surprising to observe in passing along the road how frequently this important rule is disregarded, and that, too, by persons who profess to understand the business. Another important point is the removal of all dead and decaying limbs. Another is to cut off one of the least desirable ones, of course—the branches of every fork in order to prevent the tree from splitting when loaded with fruit.—National Stockman.

### The Great Ruby Strawberry.

Strawberry growers can test new varieties most quickly by setting out pot-grown plants during August. These pot-grown plants, set at the time indicated, will bear a full crop of fruit the next season, and if one has only a few plants he will be able by this method to test the variety and ascertain beyond a doubt whether it is suitable for the soil and the climate in which it is planted. The Great Ruby, which was introduced last season, and which has proved very satisfactory to all who have grown it, is a healthy, vigorous grower, and remarkably productive. The berries are large, uniform in shape, deep crimson in color, and of fine flavor. It is mid-season in time of ripening, hence the blossoms can be fertilized by any of the perfect blossom sorts so numerous among the mid-season varieties. One feature of the plant is its deep-rooting qualities, which must of necessity make it somewhat independent of dry weather.—Indianapolis News.

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### The Hog's Swill.

Sun-baked swill in filthy barrels; swill that is fermented into the sharpest acid and putrefied into a disgusting mass; swill that attracts myriads of carrion-loving flies, is not fit for the hogs. It is full of miasma and disease germs of various kinds, and hence it is dangerous to feed it, says the Farm, Stock and Home. Pleasantly soured swill—swill that is mildly acid—is all right, but it should not be allowed to pass that stage before it is fed; and in hot weather it gets past that stage very quickly. It is not easy to look after such things carefully in the rush of all kinds of work at this season, and some cannot receive such suggestions with patience, which is not surprising, but for all that it will pay to give some thoughts to the pigs. It will not be regretted at their harvest time.

### Hints for the Horseman.

Use land plaster in the stalls to absorb the ammonia.

Poor feeding will make a weak colt and unsound limbs.

Watch the colt's feet and keep them straight with a rasp.

Never allow any one to tease the colts. Teasing invariably makes a vicious horse.

Handle the colt every day. Handle his legs and pick up his feet. A petted, well-handled colt will make a gentle horse.

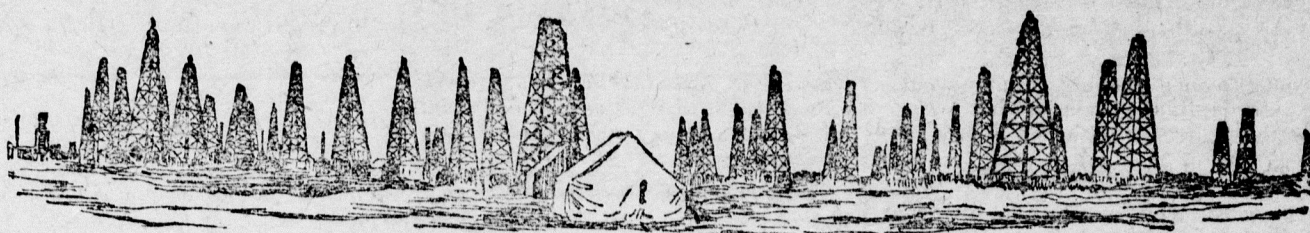
Give the colts and horses all the sunshine in the stables that is possible. A dark, damp stable will cause rheumatism, and is conducive to all sorts of ills.

Better than a slat door or drop bar across a door to keep horses in or out, bore a hole through one door post and nearly through the other. Slip in a piece of inch or larger iron pipe. It is easy to slide it to pass in and out.

Put a well-fitted leather halter on the colt's head with a short strap attached. Several times each day take hold of this strap and hold him or pull him around. In a short time he will be halter broken without the straining of a fight if tied up at once.

The teeth of both young and old horses often need attention when they do not get anything of the kind. Effects are thus produced that are sometimes attributed to altogether different influences. No wonder that a horse with teeth constantly disordered becomes a horse of confirmed bad temper.

## FAMOUS SPINDLE TOP HEIGHTS IN THE BEAUMONT, TEXAS, OIL FIELDS.



Spindle Top Heights is the name given to the location of the first of the great gushing wells of petroleum that have made Beaumont, Texas, famous. The first well at 10:30 a. m., Jan. 10, 1901, suddenly shot out a great volume of water, sand, rocks, gas and oil, breaking the derrick and hurling fragments for hundreds of feet. It was nine days before the flow could be controlled. It soon changed to be a great jet of crude oil of purest quality, going to waste at the rate of 70,000 barrels daily. Since that time Beaumont, then a small Texas town, has become a city of 20,000 inhabitants and the number of gushers in its vicinity has increased to nearly 60, with more in prospect.

The 50 Beaumont gushers are capable of producing in ten days as much oil as the wells of West Virginia, California, Indiana and Ohio have in the last fifty years. The actual cost of producing this oil is one-fifth of a cent per barrel, while the ability of the producers to handle it cannot be crippled by hostile combinations of capital, because of the proximity of the field to the deep water ports of the Gulf of Mexico.

### ASTERS.

Walled in with fire on either hand  
I walk the lonely wood-road thro';  
The maples flame above my head,  
And spaces whence the wind has shed  
About my feet the living red,  
Are filled with broken blue.

And crowding close along the way  
The purple asters blossom free;  
In full profusion far and wide,  
They fill the path on every side,  
In loose confusion multiplied  
To endless harmony!

The autumn wood the aster knows,  
The empty nest, the wind that grieves,  
The sunlight breaking thro' the shade,  
The squirrel chattering overhead,  
The timid rabbit's lighter tread  
Among the rustling leaves.

And still beside the shadowy glen  
She holds the color of the skies;  
Along the purple wayside steep,  
She hangs her fringes passing deep,  
And meadows drowned in happy sleep  
Are lit by starry eyes!  
—Vick's Magazine.

### "There's Many a Slip."

GLEN ECHO possessed a fascination for Eleanor Wade which was hard to resist, and every opportunity which afforded itself found her either on her way to that beautiful little park, or seated upon a rustic bench in some secluded nook. Usually she had a book or magazine with her, but it would often lie for hours entirely neglected upon the seat, while her gaze was fixed upon the magical and ever changing hues of the Virginia hills on the opposite side of the Potomac River.

To Eleanor, this spot was far more beautiful than any cultivated park in



SHE NOTICED A BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER OF FLOWERS.

the world. Here Nature asserted her rights to the full, and where Art played a part, it was only to enhance the beauty of the wonderfully picturesque scenery. There were pretty rustic bridges over the narrow channels; there were artistic stairways built down the steep sides of the cliffs, and innumerable benches and chairs of fantastic shapes were placed in delightfully cool and shady nooks, or out upon ledges of rock, overhanging deep ravines.

To one of the latter Eleanor always came, and if she found it already occupied, her disappointment was keen. That particular seat ("our bench," they had called it) was sacred to the memory of many hours of happiness, and to-day the young girl's thoughts dwelt lovingly upon them. She remembered a thousand and one little incidents; trivial events, of no importance at the time, but now, delightful to look back upon. The future without Hal Burton loomed up before her blankly. Her eyes filled with tears, and there was a pain in her heart which she found it impossible to assuage.

It was in vain that she tried to become interested in the beauty of the scene before her. Down at the foot of the steep banks, she saw the boats passing up and down the sluggish canal. Then she looked beyond, over the pretty little wooded island, where the roof of the Pleasure Club house could be seen between the trees, to the many rocks in the river, around which the waters of the Potomac eddied and whirled unceasingly, making a picture far too difficult for the brush of mortal man.

"Ah, yes, Hal could paint that water!" Eleanor declared mentally.

Among her most highly prized treasures was a sketch of the river and a glimpse of the Virginia hills, which Hal had been making on the day her party had accidentally come upon him in this very spot. It was here he had been introduced to her; here, some time later, he had asked her to be his wife. Here it was, she promised, and then had followed those many delightful months. To-day the thoughts of the unhappy girl continually drifted back

over the hours, oh, such happy times, spent in these woods and the Chautauqua grounds adjoining, where she and her lover wandered like two children, finding "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Alas! it was here they had quarrelled; what it had all been about the girl could scarcely remember. Both were foolishly quick, both proud. To who was at fault, Eleanor now gave no thought; she would have taken the blame and asked forgiveness for her hasty words, fault or no fault, if he had but come to her; but he did not, and she could not seek him. Not long afterward she had gone abroad with her parents, and when she returned to Washington, it was only to learn that Hal had left the city.

She caught her breath sharply and pressed her hand against her heart as if to quiet its violent throbbing, when a sudden thought flashed into her mind. Perhaps he did not care; perhaps his was merely a fancy. No, no! She felt that he had suffered, too, for he loved her; of that she was convinced, and as she sat thinking of the happy past and the dreary future with-out him, she vowed to herself that if she ever saw him again she would speak to him and explain, even if he did not come to her. But where was he? Would she ever see him again—ever have an opportunity to explain?

Sitting thus dejectedly, she allowed her eyes to wander restlessly from object to object, scarcely heeding what she saw, until, on the opposite side of the narrow ravine, over which the ledge of rock projected, she noticed a beautiful cluster of early autumn flowers. They seemed almost within reach, and she decided to gather them as a souvenir of this visit to Glen Echo. Perhaps it would be the last, for each succeeding visit only served to make her more lonely than before. Then, beside, "Autumn, laying here and there a fiery finger on the leaves," told only too plainly of approaching winter, when this loved spot would be robbed of many of its beauties.

Stepping from the rock, Eleanor climbed up a few feet and steadying herself by clutching the ferns and bushes at her side, reached out over the narrow space toward the coveted blossoms. Closing her hand around them, she gave a quick jerk to pull them from the stem, but at that instant the moss covered stone upon which her weight rested moved slightly, and she felt herself slipping down the bank. She frantically clutched some bushes growing directly before her, but in her eagerness caught them too near the tops, and the branches slipped through her fingers, leaving only the leaves in her hand.

A second attempt caused her to lose her balance altogether, and she half slipped, half rolled, some distance down the bank, carrying with her, in the descent, a shower of dirt and small stones. An instant later she found herself sitting upon a ledge of rock jutting out from the hillside, upon which was a bench similar to the one upon which she had been seated.

Making no attempt to rise, Eleanor leaned back against the bench, undecided whether to laugh or cry, and thinking how ridiculous she must appear, and thankful, indeed, that no one had witnessed her undignified fall. She was shaken and breathless, but uninjured, and she laughed as she thought how fortunate it was Hal was not with her this time. She was startled by a slight exclamation; then came a hurried footstep, and a voice said:

"Are you hurt? Let me assist you." Instinctively Eleanor drew her feet toward her sideways, smoothing out her skirt with one hand, while with the other she tried to put back her hair, which had become loosened by the fall. Again the voice spoke.

"Tell me—are you hurt?" The girl glanced up quickly, then, with a surprised little "oh!" covered her crimson face with both hands. As she turned toward the speaker he sprang back, exclaiming, "Eleanor!" and the next instant was on his knees at her side.

With one arm about her, he gently took her hands away from her face, and kissed away the tears of humiliation which started into the blue eyes.

"Eleanor, my darling, what has happened?" asked the young man, as he raised the girl and put her upon the bench, still keeping his arm about her. "I wanted a flower which was a little above—your bench—and I fell from the ledge above," she answered.

"You fell from the ledge above," he repeated, glancing upward, then at the dark ravine below. He shuddered and drew the girl closer to him. "Eleanor, sweetheart, I have been the most wretched man in the whole world for many months. I would have come to beg you to forgive my thoughtless words long ago, but I did not know where you were. I went abroad solely

for the purpose of finding you, but I missed your party continually. At last I heard you were at home, so I came back to Washington at once, arriving only this morning. I intended calling upon you this evening. To-day, when I came here and found our bench occupied, I was greatly disappointed, and was coming down to this seat to wait until the other was vacant. And just think, sweetheart, it was you all the time!"

"Yes, Hal," Eleanor said. "As I sat there I made up my mind to go to you, and explain away our little misunderstanding—if ever I had the opportunity; but really I did not intend to throw myself at your head in this fashion," she added, with a smile.

"Well," he said, with mock gravity, "your coming to explain was rather sudden and entirely unexpected, but since you are not hurt," he continued, tenderly, "I bless the fortunate slip that brought you back to me."

Both laughed happily, and the young man said earnestly:

"I did not expect to find my sweetheart here, at Glen Echo, where we first met. Eleanor, dear, let us go and be married in the little chapel in the Chautauqua Park—now—to-day. I cannot run the risk of again losing you."

"No, no, Hal," protested Eleanor, "not to-day—but a month from to-day."—Waverley.

### Her Reference.

One servant girl on Long Island has a reference that should readily secure her employment if she ever decides to leave her present position. But she won't decide to leave, if the family she now works for can help it.

One afternoon a few days ago when her master was in the city and her mistress was visiting neighbors, a man called and asked for the lady of the house. When the maid told him she was out he seemed greatly disappointed:

"It's really very important," he explained. "Could you get me paper and a pencil? I'd like to leave a note."

"Certainly," said the maid. She stepped out on the stoop and rang the front door bell. The cook came to the door.

"Paper, an envelope and a pencil for this gentleman," said the maid.

The man wrote his note and sealed it. After telling the maid to be sure to see that her mistress got it the minute she returned he left. That evening, when the woman of the house had read the note and heard the circumstances under which it was delivered, she smiled and handed it to her maid.

"Jane," she said, "you may keep this. It may do as a reference some time."

This is what the man had written: "Dear Madam: Your maid is no fool."—New York Sun.

### Scared by a Lawyer's Card.

A Newark lawyer was sitting in his office when Mrs. B., a friend, entered, and proceeded to tell him of the difficulty a Mr. C. was in through a loan he had made to Mr. D. Mr. C. was in great need of the money, but Mr. D. refused to return the sum, which was quite a large one.

"I think," said Mrs. B. to the lawyer, "that if you should take hold of the case you could collect the money."

"All right," said the barrister, thinking of the neat little fee that would be his after he had succeeded in inducing Mr. D. to part with the sum claimed by Mr. C. "I'll give you one of my cards to hand to Mr. C. If he will step in and see me I'll handle the case for him."

Shortly afterward the lawyer left the city for a few days' outing in the country. On his return he inquired of Mrs. B. what had become of Mr. C. and his claim against Mr. D.

"Oh, that's all settled," replied the woman. Mr. C. said he just went to Mr. D., showed him your card, and said he had retained you in the case, Mr. D. paid the money at once."

Now the lawyer is wondering where his prospective fee is coming in. He believes he has a good case against Mr. C. for about 1 per cent of the amount of Mr. C.'s loan, but has not decided whether to press the case or not.—Newark News.

### Crescens' Costly Harness.

The quarter boots of the famous trotting horse Crescens cost about \$10, shin boots \$14, knee and arm extension \$25. The hind shin, speedy cut and hook extension, with curb joint protection, cost \$50 a set. The two-minute harness of itself costs but about \$25, yet the main harness costs over \$100. Crescens' reins cost at least \$50 a pair.

### What has become of the old-fashioned woman who thought she could not invite a soul to the house to eat without including the preacher and his wife?

Ever remark that if a man can sing a little, he doesn't keep a job very long?

## MILITARY AIDS TO SCIENCE.

### British and German Officers Send Home Valuable Specimens.

Lieut. Boyd Alexander, rifle brigade, who is well known at South Kensington (London) museum for his studies of birds in Africa, has just returned from the west coast with what is believed to be the finest collection ever obtained on active service.

Over a thousand specimens of West African birds, killed by himself and his native collector during the campaign in Ashanti, were brought back by Lieut. Alexander.

"This is the biggest collection of birds ever brought out of Africa at one time," he said to a London Mail representative. "I have been collecting in Africa now for nine or ten years. One has to be a specialist nowadays."

"It is a pity that the government does not insist on officers in out-of-the-way parts of the world collecting birds and other things. The German officers do so already. The colonial office at Berlin obliges all its officers to collect natural history specimens whether they like it or not, and though their work is in many cases rough and ready it is better than nothing."

"We know very little about the birds in the great bend of the Niger and Hausaland, and absolutely nothing of those in the regions around Lake Chad and Darfur. There is not a doubt that when these great areas come under investigation it will be found that one great zoographical region exists from northeastern Africa right across to the west coast. When I have finished examining my collection of birds they may throw considerable light on the subject."

"Marching with the relief force to Kumasi I left my native collector at Prabu, where he formed the nucleus of the collection. As the country became more settled he gradually worked his way up to Kumasi, making collections at each station on the lines of communication."

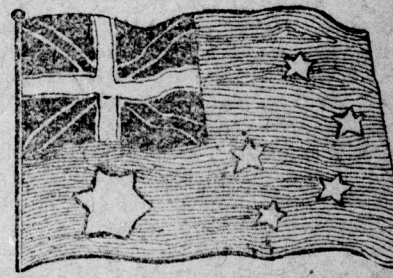


### REFLECTIONS

All is not old that embitters. Marriages are not always unhappy. The ideal husband is the man who hasn't got married yet. Marrying a drunkard to reform him is like frying fish to make beefsteak out of it. Penitence nearly always peeks between the fingers which it holds to its face. When a woman is dead sure that she has a man she is never dead sure that she wants him. Engaged people are always in other people's way, but not so much as other people are in their way. A woman is never so much afraid she may lose a man's love as she is that some other woman may gain it. No matter how much of a past a man had had, there are always some women who can teach him more than he knew before.—New York Press. The woman who sheds the most tears in the theater where the heroine is pursued by wicked slander is the one who pulverizes the reputation of her nearest neighbor the next day.

### NEW AUSTRALIAN FLAG.

Out of 30,000 designs submitted by artists and others in the recent competition, the judges appointed by the government selected the design here shown as the flag of the Australian commonwealth. It has the union jack



in the top left-hand corner, while immediately under this is a six-pointed star, emblematic of the six federated States. The other half of the flag depicts the southern cross. Blue is to be the government and official color, and the merchant marine will use the flag with a red ground.

### Not Customary.

One morning I told an old colored man who lived near that our school had grown so large that it would be necessary for us to use the henhouse for school purposes, and that I wanted him the next day to help me give it a thorough cleaning. He replied in the most earnest manner: "What you mean, boss? You sholy ain't gwine clean out de henhouse in de day-time?"—From Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

### Britons Growing Taller.

It is affirmed that no nation is increasing so rapidly in height and weight as the British. In fifty years the average height has risen from 5 ft. 7½ in. to 5 ft. 8½ in. The average height of the criminal class is but 5 ft. 5 4/5 in.

### No, Indeed!

"No news is good news," some folks say. And yet we can't conceive it. Is likely they could make, to-day, an editor believe it. —Philadelphia Press.



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## The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flashes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JENNIE NOBLE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.



Mrs. JENNIE NOBLE.

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**The Girl Who Grew Prettier.**

Mr. Charles Whymper, the well known engraver and animal painter, told the following anecdote some years ago: "I dined at Mr. So-and-so's at Highgate last night, and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, and I got along very nicely with her and Lady Blithelington on the other side until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing room. I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views from the windows, the fine air, when Miss — suddenly said, 'I think I get prettier every day, don't you?'

"What could she mean? I did not dare to answer her, so I said: 'I beg your pardon. What did you say?'

"I said I think I get prettier every day."

There was no mistaking her words, so I answered, 'Yes, indeed, you get prettier, and no wonder in such fresh air and—' Just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies, she left the room. As she went out she looked over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it somehow. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her. She had dropped an 'th'. What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself. The sentence really was, 'I think Highgate prettier every day.'—Chambers' Journal.

**A Toothsome Revenge.**

During the reign of Charles II. the age of gallantry, it was the custom among gentlemen when they drank a lady's health, in order that they might do her still more honor, to destroy at the same time some part of their clothing.

Upon one occasion Sir Charles Sedley was dining in a tavern and had a particularly fine necktie on, whereupon one of his friends, to play him a trick, drank to the health of a certain lady, at the same time throwing his necktie in the fire. Of course Sir Charles had to do likewise, but he got even, for not long after that, dining with the same company, he drank the health of a friend, at the same time ordering a dentist whom he had engaged to be present, to pull out a refractory tooth which had been troubling him. Every one else was obliged in this manner to mourn a molar.

**A Success.**

Landlady—I believe in letting coffee boil for thirty minutes. That's the only way to get the goodness out of it.

New Boarder (tasting his and leaving it)—You have succeeded admirably, ma'am.

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## The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

### CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

That brought to my mind what I had almost forgotten—the woman whom my imprudent curiosity had brought into pursuit of her. I felt ready to curse my folly aloud, as I did in my heart, for having gone to Messrs. Scott and Brown.

"Olivia," I said, "there is a woman in Guernsey who has come due to you—"

But I could say no more, for I thought she would have fallen to the ground in her terror. I drew her hand through my arm and hastened to reassure her.

"No harm can come to you," I continued, "whilst Tardif and I are here to protect you. Do not frighten yourself; we will defend you from every danger."

"Martin," she whispered—and the pleasant familiarity of my name spoken by her gave me a sharp pang, almost of gladness—"no one can help me or defend me. The law would compel me to go back to him. A woman's heart may be broken without the law being broken. I could prove nothing that would give me a right to be free—nothing. So I took it into my own hands. I tell you I would rather have been drowned this afternoon. Why did you save me?"

I did not answer, except by pressing her hand against my side. I hurried her on silently towards the cottage. She was shivering in her cold, wet dress, and trembling with fear. It was plain to me that even her fine health should not be trifled with, and I loved her too tenderly, her poor, shivering, trembling frame, to let her suffer if I could help it. When we reached the foldyard gate, I stopped her for a moment to speak only a few words.

"Go in," I said, "and change every one of your wet clothes. I will see you again, once again, when we can talk with one another calmly. God bless and take care of you, my darling!"

She smiled faintly, and laid her hand in mine.

"You forgive me?" she said.

"Forgive you?" I repeated, kissing the small brown hand lingeringly; "I have nothing to forgive."

She went on across the little fold. Then I made my way, blind and deaf, to the edge of the cliff, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I flung myself down on the turf, with my face to the ground, to hide my eyes from the staring light of the summer sun.

"Married? That was what she had said. I shut out all hope for the future. She must have been a mere child four years ago; she looked very young and girlish still. And her husband treated her ill—my Olivia, for whom I had given up all I had to give. She said the law would compel her to return to him, and I could do nothing. I could not interfere even to save her from a life which was worse to her than death."

My heart was caught in a vice, and there was no escape from the torture of its relentless grip. Whichever way I looked there was sorrow and despair. I wished, with a fatalist's tenderness I had never felt before, that Olivia and I had indeed perished together down in the caves where the tide was now sweeping below me.

"Martin," said a clear, low, tender tone in my ear, which could never be deaf to that voice. I looked up at Olivia without moving. My head was at her feet, and I laid my hand upon the hem of her dress.

"Martin," she said again, "see, I have brought you Tardif's coat in place of your own. You must not lie here in this way. Captain Carey's yacht is waiting for you below."

I staggered giddily when I stood on my feet, and only Olivia's look of pain steadied me. She had been weeping bitterly. I could not trust myself to look in her face again. Tardif was standing behind her, regarding us both with great concern.

"Doctor," he said, "when I came in from my lobster-pots, the captain sent a message by me to say the sun was sent home before you reach Guernsey. He has come round to the Havre Gosse-elin. I'll walk down the cliff with you."

"Take care of man's life," I said, when we had reached the top of the ladder, and the little boat from the yacht was dancing at the foot of it. "There is some danger ahead, and you can protect her better than I."

"Yes, yes," he replied; "you may trust her with me. But God knows I should have been glad if it had gone well with you."

### CHAPTER XVI.

My mother passed a restless and agitated night, and I, who sat up with her, was compelled to listen to all her lamentations. But towards the morning she fell into a heavy sleep, likely to last for some hours. I could leave her in perfect security; and at an early hour I went down to Julia's house, strung up to bear the worst, and intending to have it all out with her, and put her on her guard before she paid her daily visit to our house. She must have some hours for her excitement and rejoicing to bubble over, before she came to talk about it to my mother.

"I wish to see Miss Dobree," I said to the girl who quickly answered my noisy peal of the house bell.

"Please, sir," was her reply, "she and Miss Daltrey are gone to Sark with Captain Carey."

"Gone to Sark?" I repeated in utter amazement.

"Yes, Dr. Martin. They started quite early because of the tide, and Captain Carey's man brought the carriage to take them to St. Sampson's. I don't look for them back before evening."

"When did they make up their minds to go to Sark?" I inquired anxiously.

"Only late last night, sir," she answered.

Why were Julia and Kate Daltrey gone to Sark? What could they have to do with Olivia? It made me almost wild with anger to think of them finding Olivia, and talking to her perhaps of me and my love-questioning her, arguing with her, tormenting her! The bare thought of those two badgering my Olivia was enough to drive me frantic.

In the cool twilight, Julia and Kate

Daltrey were announced. I was about to withdraw from my mother's room, in conformity with the etiquette established amongst us, when Julia recalled me in a gentler voice than she had used towards me since the day of my fatal confession.

"Stay, Martin," she said; "what we have to tell concerns you more than any one."

I sat down again by my mother's sofa, and she took my hand between both her own, fondling it in the dusk.

"It is about Olivia," I said in as cool a tone as I could command.

"Yes," answered Julia; "we have seen her, and we have found out why she has refused you. She is married already."

"She told me so yesterday," I replied.

"Told you so yesterday?" repeated Julia in an accent of chagrin. "If we had only known that we might have saved ourselves the passage across to Sark."

"My dear Julia," exclaimed my mother, feverishly, "do tell us all about it, and begin at the beginning."

There was nothing Julia liked so much, or could do so well, as to give a circumstantial account of anything she had done. She could relate minute details with so much accuracy that when one was lazy or unoccupied it was pleasant to listen. My mother enjoyed, with all the delight of a woman, the small touches by which Julia embellished her sketches. I resigned myself to hearing a long history, when I was burning to ask one or two questions and have done with the topic.

"To begin at the beginning, then," said Julia, "dear Captain Carey came into



"PERHAPS YOU WILL FEEL MELANCHOLY BY-AND-BY."

town very late last night to talk to us about Martin, and how the girl in Sark had refused him. I was very much astonished, very much indeed! Captain Carey said that he and dear Johanna had come to the conclusion that the girl felt some delicacy, perhaps, because of Martin's engagement to me. We talked it over as friends, and thought of you, dear aunt, and your grief and disappointment, till all at once I made up my mind in a moment. 'I will go over to Sark and see the girl myself,' I said. 'Will you,' said Captain Carey. 'Oh, no, Julia, it will be too much for you.' 'It would have been a few weeks ago,' I said; 'but now I could do anything to give aunt Dobree a moment's happiness.'

"Heaven bless you, Julia," I interrupted, going across to her and kissing her cheek impetuously.

"There, don't stop me, Martin," she said earnestly. "So it was arranged off-hand that Captain Carey should send for us to St. Sampson's this morning, and take us over to Sark. We had a splendid passage. Kate was in raptures with the landing place, and the lovely lane leading up into the island. We turned down the nearest way to Tardif's. Well, you know that brown pool in the lane leading to the Havre Gosse-elin. Just there, where there are some low, weather-beaten trees meeting overhead and er-beaten trees meeting overhead and er-beaten trees meeting overhead, we saw all in a moment a slim, erect, very young-looking girl coming towards us. I knew in an instant that it was Miss Olivia."

She paused for a minute. How plainly I could see the picture! The arching of her eyebrows, the gleam of her eyes, the gleam of her shining golden hair! I held my breath to listen.

"What completely startled me," said Julia, "was that Kate suddenly darted forward and ran to meet her, crying, 'Olivia!'

"How does she know her?" I exclaimed.

"Hush, Martin! Don't interrupt me. The girl went so deadly pale, I thought she was going to faint, but she did not. She stood for a minute looking at us, and then she burst into the most dreadful fit of crying! I have always thought her name was Olivia, and so did Kate. 'For pity's sake,' said the girl, 'if you have any pity, leave me here in peace—do not betray me!'

"But what does it all mean?" asked my mother, whilst I paced to and fro in the dim room, scarcely able to control my impatience, yet afraid to question Julia too eagerly.

"I can tell you," said Kate Daltrey in her cold, deliberate tones; "she is the wife of my half-brother, Richard Foster, who married her more than four years ago in Melbourne; and she ran away from him last October, and has not been heard of since."

"Then you know her whole history," I said, approaching her and pausing before her. "Are you at liberty to tell it to us?"

"Certainly," she answered; "it is no secret. Her father was a wealthy col-

onist, and he died when she was fifteen, leaving her in the charge of her step-mother, Richard Foster's aunt. The match was one of the little better than a child. Richard was glad enough to get her income. One-third of it was settled upon her absolutely. Richard was settling forward eagerly to her being one-and-twenty, for he had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and tried to do so with his wife's; but a few weeks before Olivia's twenty-first birthday she disappeared mysteriously. There her fortune lies, and Richard has no more power than I have to touch it. He cannot even claim the money lying in the Bank of Australia, which has been remitted by her trustees; nor can Olivia claim it without making herself known to him. It is accumulating there, while both of them are on the verge of poverty."

"But he must have been very cruel to her before she would run away," said my mother in a pitiful voice.

"Cruel!" repeated Kate Daltrey. "Well, there are many kinds of cruelty. I do not suppose Richard would ever transgress the limits of the law. But Olivia was one of those girls who can suffer great torture—mental torture I mean. Even I could not live in the same house with Richard, and she was a dreamy, sensitive, romantic child, with as much knowledge of the world as a baby. I was astonished to hear she had had daring enough to leave him."

"But there must be some protection for her from the law," I said, thinking of the bold, coarse woman, no doubt his associate, who was in pursuit of Olivia. "She might sue for a judicial separation, at the least, if not a divorce."

"I am quite sure nothing could be brought against him in a court of law," she answered. "He is very wary and cunning, and knows very well what he may do and what he may not do. A few months before Olivia's flight, he introduced a woman as her companion. He calls her his cousin. Since I saw her this morning I have been thinking of her position in every light, and I really do not see anything she could have done, except running away as she did, or mak-

ing up her mind to be deaf and blind and dumb."

"But could he not be induced to leave her in peace if she gave up a portion of her property?" I asked.

"Why should he?" she retorted. "If she was in his hands the whole of the property would be his. He will never release her—never. No, her only chance is to hide herself from him. The law cannot deal with wrongs like hers, because they are as light as air apparently, though they are as all-pervading as air is, and as poisonous as air can be. They are like choke-damp, only not quite fatal. He is as crafty and cunning as a serpent. He could prove himself the kindest, most considerate of husbands, and Olivia next thing to an idiot. Oh, it is ridiculous to think of pitting a girl like her against him!"

"But what can be done for her?" I asked vehemently and passionately.

"My poor Olivia! what can I do to protect her?"

"Nothing!" replied Kate Daltrey, coldly. "Her only chance is concealment; and what a poor chance that is! I went over to Sark, never thinking that my Miss Olivia whom I had heard so much of was Olivia Foster. It is an out-of-the-world place; but so much the more readily they will find her, if they once get a clue. A hare is soon caught when it cannot double; and how could Olivia escape if they only traced her to Sark?"

My dread of the woman into whose hands my imbecile curiosity had put the clue was growing greater every minute. It seemed as if Olivia could not be safe now, day or night; yet what protection could I or Tardif give to her?

"You will not betray her?" I said to Kate Daltrey, though feeling all the time that I could not trust her in the smallest degree.

"I have promised dear Julia that," she answered.

It became my duty to keep a strict watch over the woman who had come to Guernsey to find Olivia. If possible I must decoy her away from the lowly nest where my helpless bird was sheltered. She had not sent for me again, but I called upon her the next morning professionally, and stayed some time talking with her. But nothing resulted from the visit beyond the assurance that she had not yet made any progress towards the discovery of my secret.

Neither did I feel quite safe about Kate Daltrey. She gave me the impression of being as crafty and cunning as she described her half-brother. Did she know this woman by sight? That was a question I could not answer. There was another question hanging upon it. If she saw her, would she not in some way contrive to give her a sufficient hint, without positively breaking her promise to Julia? Kate Daltrey's name did not appear in the newspaper among the list of visitors, as she was staying in a private house; but she and this woman might meet any day in the streets or on the pier.

I had to cross over to Sark the next

week, alone and independent of Captain Carey. The time passed heavily, and on the following Monday I went on board the steamer. I had not been on deck two minutes when I saw my patient step after me. The last clue was in her fingers now, that was evident.

She did not see me at first; but her air was exultant and satisfied. There was no face on board so elated and flushed. I kept out of her way as long as I could without consigning myself to the black hole of the cabin; but at last she caught sight of me, and came down to the fore-castle to claim me as an acquaintance.

"Ha, ha! Dr. Dobree!" she exclaimed; "so you are going to visit Sark, too?"

"Yes," I answered more curtly than courteously.

(To be continued.)

### A Horrid Mean Thing.

They sat in a swing, half-hidden by the fragrant shrubbery of an east end lawn. She was trying to make him jealous, which he had penetration enough to descry and experience enough with her sex to remain provokingly calm.

All the rapturous adjectives of her high-school vocabulary were pressed into praise of a rival, says the Memphis Scimitar.

"He is just the most perfectly lovely man I ever met," she fervently exclaimed, clasping her hands above her heart and lifting her lustrous orbs moonward.

"He must be a bird," he suggested nonchalantly.

"Such adorable eyes; such a low, musical voice, as full of soul as the murmur of a meadow brook. And, oh! he sings divinely."

"Sorry I never met your friend," he said in a tone irritatingly practical, accompanied with a yawn artistically audible.

"Oh, I do so want you to meet him. I know you will like him. He is fond of poetry and music, and he drives the loveliest horses—"

"Eh! Whom does he drive for?"

"And a few minutes later the swing swung empty."

### Much Abbreviated.

A customer from one of the suburbs dropped into a paint shop, took a slip of paper from his pocket, looked at it, knitted his brows, shook his head, put on his glasses, inspected the paper again, and gave it up as a bad job.

"I made a hasty memorandum," he said to the proprietor of the shop, "of something I was to call here and buy, but I trusted too much to my memory. I seem to have jotted down nothing but the initials, and I've forgotten what they mean."

"Let me see the memorandum," said the proprietor. "It may be that I can help you."

"It's nothing but three letters," replied the customer, handing it over.

"Only 'C. P. A.'?"

"So I see. 'C. P. A.' Why, that's sepia, a kind of brown paint. Wasn't that it?"

"What a fool I am! Of course it was."

He got his sepia, threw a big red apple on the counter in lieu of "hush money," and went away with a sheepish look on his face.

### The Anthem Again.

The "Messiah" was sung recently in Philadelphia, and one of the anthems rendered by the chorus had as its theme, "We have turned every one to his own way." As anthems go, this sounded somewhat as follows: "We have turned, turned—turned—we have turned, yes, we have—we have turned every one, every one to his own way, own way—every one to his own way."

The anthem involved several pages of music, and every time the chorus sang "we have turned, turned, turned," they proceeded to turn over to the next page, and then burst out again with "we have turned, turned!" A certain plain citizen, rather elderly, who sat well in the rear, not appreciating the delicate sentiment, was heard to mutter, disgustedly, "Well, when you get through turnin', turnin' them golden pages, suppose you shut up about it!"—Harper's Magazine.

### Why Locomotives Are Numbered.

A prominent railroad man tells me that the old custom of naming engines instead of numbering them was done away with because there was such a pressure brought to bear in favor of this, that and the other locality. The various influences used became so annoying to the officials that they decided to adopt the plan of numbering the locomotives, which was done. A similar nuisance exists at Washington in the Navy Department. Probably during the late war Secretary Long was pestered more with people who wanted vessels named in honor of somebody or something than he was with all the other questions which came before him put together.—Boston Record.

### Writer and Reader.

A good and perhaps an old story comes from the Persian. A man went to a professional scribe, and asked him to write a letter.

"I cannot," said the scribe. "I have a pain in my foot."

"A pain in your foot? What has that to do with it? I don't want to send you anywhere."

"No, sir," said the man, "but whenever I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, because no one else can make it out."

### Telephone Speed.

Where the telephone wires are over land the speed of transmission is at the rate of 16,000 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea, the speed is not more than 6,000 miles a second.

If the cook breaks only one dish a week, it is on Sunday, when the man of the house is home to hear the crash, and grumble about it.

### His Foot Was In the Way.

A gentlemanly chap riding in an elevated car permitted the sight of a man's foot in the middle of the aisle to exasperate him to a most unreasonable degree. Women tripped over it. Men stepped over it. A few folk purposely dragged their feet against it as a hint. But its owner calmly read his paper and moved not. Finally, "I beg your pardon, my friend," said the gentlemanly chap, leaning down, his face set and teeth clinched, "but don't you think you are taking up more room than you are entitled to? Your foot has been in every one's way for half an hour. I protest, sir!"

The man folded his paper, remarking without the least show of anger: "Ah, thank you. I had not noticed it." With that he reached down, picked up his foot, gave it a violent twist and pushed it partly under the seat. To accomplish this he had to move his body to the edge of the seat.

On discovering that gentlemanly chap were wooden our gentlemanly chap blushed in confusion, muttered a sort of apology and hurried off at the next station, while the car tittered.—New York Press.

### Very Trying.

"Johnny," said a provincial grocer to the new boy, "what kind of butter did you send over to the Hendersons?"

"Some of the rolls here," said the new boy respectfully.

"Oh, great Caesar!" groaned the grocer. "Send 'em some of that good butter just after I have got 'em down to this here in the barrel! Send 'em the best butter in the shop just as I finish a two years' course of getting 'em down to the barrel butter! Gave 'em a taste of good butter after I have got 'em to think this barrel butter was the best in the world! And still you say you hope to own a grocer's shop some day! The taste of that butter you sent 'em will awaken all their old slumbering desires for good butter, and I'll have to work another two years getting 'em down a little poorer each time before I get 'em where there's any profit on 'em again! You might just as well put on your coat and go. Groceries ain't your line!"

—London Tit-Bits.

## TEACHERS' TROUBLES

A TRYING OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN WITH DELICATE NERVES

The Hard Work Entailed by the Charge of a School Room Often Causes the Health to Break Down.

From The Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn.

Teaching school is an occupation which has many attractions for cultured women, but it also has many drawbacks and often affects their health seriously. Especially is this so in the case of women with delicate nervous systems and those with a tendency to pulmonary troubles. Miss Mary K. Powers, of Ellsworth, Wis., is a teacher whose health was broken down by the hard work which the charge of a large school entails. She says:

"During the winter of 1898, while teaching school, I became subject to nervousness, which grew worse until my whole system was run down. My back ached and at times I was so dizzy that I could hardly stand. My limbs were swollen and always tired, so that I felt no more rested in the morning than when I went to bed. I was also troubled with a cough and the food I ate did not strengthen me. This condition, accompanied by palpitation of the heart, kept up for several months until in March, when I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in a Juneau, Wisconsin, newspaper."

"I began taking the pills and in about a week I noticed a change for the better. I felt so encouraged by this improvement that I kept taking them until I had used three boxes, and was entirely cured. I always keep Pink Pills by me and I take them occasionally when I feel the need of a tonic."

"I believe firmly in the good done by Pink Pills for Pale People and have advised many of my friends to use them."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness. At all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., fifty cents a box; six boxes two dollars and a half.

"Do you believe that truth is stranger than fiction?" "Yes, when I do tell my wife the truth it sounds so strange that that's the very thing she doesn't believe me."

**KILL THE DANDRUFF GERM.**  
Or Your Hair Will Fall Out Till You Become Bald.

Modern science has discovered that dandruff is caused by a germ that digs up the scalp in scales, as it burrows down to the roots of the hair, where it destroys the hair's vitality, causing falling hair, and, ultimately, baldness. After Prof. Unna, of Hamburg, Germany, discovered the dandruff germ, all efforts to find a remedy failed until the great laboratory discovery was made which resulted in Newbro's Herpicide. It alone of all other hair preparations kills the dandruff germ. Without dandruff, hair grows luxuriantly. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

**\$100 REWARD, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.







# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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